

# ALLIES THE FAVORITES IN BETTING ODDS ON BIG WORLD'S SERIES

## KID JOHNSON LOSES BELT BY A KNOCKOUT

Fighting Fireman from the Q.M.C. Defeats Champion in One Round.

By BRITT.

An extra long khaki-colored canvas belt, regulation size, turned over this week to Judson C. Pewther, Q.M.C., by Kid Johnson, of the 11th Infantry, following a two minute ceremony which ended in a knockout. Which is to say "Charlie, the Fighting Fireman," is being hailed as the new heavyweight champion of G.H.Q., A.E.F.

Kid Johnson had whipped everyone in sight at G.H.Q. and was being touted as the champion of the Allies. He was billed to fight both Pewther and a French heavyweight aspirant the same evening. He had to disappoint the Frenchman—*And, monsieur, PEE-ISHED.*

Charlie, ostensibly a modest and unassuming fireman from the office of the Intelligence Section, General Staff, is now recognized as one of the best fighting units in the A.E.F. Report has it that he was one of the best of the Border, where he served in the Body Snatchers—with a long string of ring victories to his credit. He had been out of the boxing game for nearly three years, having married in the interim, but no one disputes the fact that he made a great comeback.

### Right Hook Turns the Trick.

The scrap took place before a crowded house. The two heavyweights were evenly matched in height and weight. Johnson started like all champions, confidently, and let loose a strip of rattling fists. Charlie faced the fusillade and coolly replied with several vicious upper-cuts reminiscent of Border days. With frequent jabs he rocked the champion's head, and the crowd roared.

Met Johnson's rusher with a persistent jab on the nose, Johnson was fighting mad and rushed in for a cleanup. As he did so, he uncovered. The opening was small but sufficient. Charlie countered with his left, then sent a swift right hook to the jaw. Johnson wilted. Three knockdowns followed. Then the champion took the count.

Fighting Charlie was on the job at Headquarters next morning as usual, showing no marks of the encounter. The pettier desmises, over whom Charlie exercises daily authority, were dumbfounded to learn that their boss was a bruiser. But it is significant that the fires in the Intelligence Section today are burning brighter than ever.

### New Champion Is Modest.

Pewther was averse to talking about himself, but he confessed to twenty-nine years and claimed Portland, Ore., as his home. A representative of THE STARS AND STRIPES found him this afternoon after the fight seated on a coal-box reading his favorite dime novel—in which he finds a laugh in every line—and wearing the same sized hat.

"I wouldn't have broken into the game again," he declared, "but I felt that I couldn't stand by and hear the Johnsons coterie putting down their sweeping challenges. It was all right to challenge the crowd, but when all the soldiers of the A. E. F. were included I figured it was up to me to register a kerpunk for the Q.M. Johnson would have been champion yet if he hadn't tried to take in so much territory. I'm satisfied to be champion, and let it go at that. But if there's anyone else who wants the title he can have it—unless there's something substantial in it."

Which indicates there may be something doing, as report has it that the doughboys don't intend to let the Q.M. man walk off with the championship.

## A PINCH HITTER IN KHAKI.

Lank used to be something of a base ball player. In fact, he's still on the rolls of a certain National League club and back in 1914 it was Lank's mighty swatting that won the world's champion ship for his team.

Next to General Pershing himself and a few other generals, Lank is about the most popular soldier in France. When his regiment—once of the National Guard—comes swinging down the pike the soldiers are jammed with other soldiers who crane their necks to get a peek at him.

Lank always carries the colors. He's now color-guard.

"So that fella's Lank, the great ball player," you can hear one doughboy say to another. "Well, I'll be doggoned. Looks just like any other soldier, don't he?"

"What you expect to see?" will ask a soldier who has worshiped Lank's batting average for ten years. "Didja expect to see a fella wearin' a baseball uniform and carryin' a bat over his shoulder? Sure, that's Lank. Hello, Lank, howja like soldierin'?"

Lank will look out of the corner of his eye and then, sure that no officer is looking, reply out of the corner of his mouth:

"We're on to the Kaiser's curves, boys. We'll hit everything those Huns pitch for home runs. No strike outs in this game."

Lank is the life of his regiment. In his "stove league" this winter he has organized all kinds of baseball leagues and next Spring he's going to lead a championship team against all soldier comrades.

If General Pershing isn't too busy Lank will try and get him to umpire some afternoon.

### STRAY SHOTS.

So Grover Alexander has been drafted? Some square is going to have a nifty hand grenade tosser to its credit, eh, what?

Wonder if John L., when he arrived at the pearly gates and St. Peter asked his name, gave his customary reply of "Yours truly, John L. Sullivan?" If he did, we bet he walked right on in while the good saint was still trying to figure it out.

Speaking of the great John L., we suppose that "Handsome Jim" Corbett is the only old time champion who can't at all aspire to Sullivan's place in public esteem.

We seem to know the tune of this anonymous contribution, but we never have heard these words before:

"The slacker milks the cow,  
And the son of a Hun  
Must skeedaddle and run,  
For we're in the trenches now."

## FOR A LIVE SPORT PAGE.

THIS IS poor apology for

A LIVE SPORT page but it

MAKES A beginning and

SOMEBODY had to do it

AND I was the goat but

WITH YOUR help we'll

DO BETTER next time if you

WRITE US some notes from

YOUR CAMP and send us

SOME VERSES for

ONE GUY can't handle this

ALL himself and

ANYBODY could do the job

BETTER than I can you know

WE WANT to find a

REAL SPORTING editor some-

where

AND WISH this job

OFF ON him and then

WE'LL buy a cable from

RACK home and tell him

TO HOP to it.

G. P. C.

## INDOOR SPORTS

### SATURDAY NIGHT.

First you take a basin,  
Place it on the table,  
Wait about an hour or so,  
Shoo away the doves  
Of your jeering billet mates  
Bet you won't dare;  
Then you spread a slicker  
On the floor with care.

Next you doff your O. D.,  
And your undershirt,  
Wrap a towel 'round your waist,  
Wrestle with the dirt;  
Do not get the sponge too wet—  
Little drops will trickle  
Down a soldier's trouser legs—  
Golly! How they tickle!

Then you clothe yourself again—  
That is, to the belt;  
Strip off boots and putts and trou,  
Socks—right to the pelt;  
Send the gooseflesh quivering  
Up and down your limbs.  
Gosh! You aren't in quite the mood  
For singing gospel hymns.

Then you wash, and wash and wash,  
Dry yourself once more,  
Put on all your clothes again,  
Go to bed and snore.  
Wake up at the bugle's call  
With a cold, and sore  
Truly, baths in France are—well,  
What Sherman said of war!

### FOOLING THE FLEA.

You'll march in the flea parade and be glad of the chance after you've lived a life in an old French sheep shed.  
"Say, I'll be glad to get back to the mosquitoes," said a young hand-grenadier from Dallas, Tex., as he dumped his "other clothes" in the flea-parade cauldron. "These babies chew you to death and night. A mosquito's a night-rider only."

The flea forms on the right of the cook's head. The cooks build big fires out in the open and set out great kettles of water. When the water begins to boil the parade begins, each man dumping in his flea-infested clothing—uniform, socks, underwear, wristlets and blankets. The cooks keep the fires stoked up with wood and the garments boil for a solid hour.

Then the men form another line and collect their stuff. They wring out the clothes the best they can and then sit down to "pick 'em off."

"They're fast little devils most usually," said the Dallas man, "but the sudden shock from warm water to cold air makes them stiff, and you can catch 'em easy."

The A. E. F.'s living in sheep barns simply can't keep clear of the things. They're in the rafters, in the hay, and in the planks. Weekly boiling of clothing only gives a short relief.

Really they aren't fleas at all, but a form of sheep tick. But they don't distinguish between sheep and American soldiers.

### "BUTTON, BUTTON."

The Army gets some of its best ideas about equipment from the soldiers who have to use it.

Here's an idea, making for efficiency and convenience, which comes from an Omaha boy in the ranks. He says:

"Why don't they put bachelor buttons on our uniforms and overcoats? I've got 'em housewife in my kit, but I'm working from 8:15 in the morning until 5 o'clock at night, and what little leisure I get I'd like to spend in the Y.M.C.A. playing the phonograph or shooting pool."

And anyway, if I've got to do my sewing in the barn I live in, I might as well not try at all. My fingers are so numb the minute I take off my mitts that I couldn't thread a needle."

Not only that, said the Omaha soldier, but you usually find you haven't any thread in your "housewife."

There seems to be something in favor of bachelor buttons, especially since the people who sew the buttons on new uniforms and coats always do a poor job.

### YES, HOW DO THEY?

Private Pat: "Mike, what th' hell kind of fish are them?"

Corporal Mike: "Fish, Pat; don't be distplayin' yer ignorance—the old Frinch la-dy might hear yez! Them's saurdeens!"

Pat: "Saurdeens. Is ut? They're a small fish, ain't they? An' where, pray tell, do they grow?"

Mike: "Pat, I'm astounded at yer ignorance of gogery! Them little fish grow in the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean, the Indian Ocean, the Arctic Ocean, an'—oh, in all them oceans. An' the big fish, such as the whale, the halibut, the shark, an' all of them, they live off'n eatin' th' saurdeens!"

Pat: "They do, do they Mike? Thin phwat I'd like to know is how th' hell do they ever open the box?"

## SUPPLIES FIRST AID TO CHILLY AIRMEN

Red Cross Canteen Serves 2000 Sandwiches and Mugs of Coffee Daily.

The Red Cross does a lot of work over here. Its activities in taking care of the population of the Hun-devastated districts, in clothing and feeding the ever-increasing hordes of refugees that pour in over the Swiss frontier, in supplying French and American military hospitals and in furnishing the American forces with auxiliary clothing are well known. It is not known, however, that, somewhere in that nebulous region known as somewhere in France, the Red Cross has gone in a bit for what has generally been considered the Y. M. C. A.'s own particular game—that of running the festive army canteen.

So far as can be found out at present writing, this canteen is the only one operated by the Red Cross in France. It is run primarily for the benefit of the young American aviators whose training station is hard by. And, because aviators are a rare and higher order than most of the rest of us, are in consequence always as hungry as kites and cormorants, this particular Red Cross canteen does a rushing business.

It is situated in a long barrack-like building of the familiar type, which they partitioned into social room and a combination officers' dining room and a storeroom kitchen. The kitchen—as always in anything pertaining to the army—is the all-important part. This kitchen is noteworthy for two things: It has a real stand-up-and-sit-up lunch counter, and its products are cooked and served by the deft hands of American women.

### Girls Worked All Night.

No dinners are served at this canteen for the airmen. Those favors are reserved for the canteens in the hospital nearby. But the airmen are dropping in all the time for sandwiches and hot coffee, particularly after coming down, chilled and chattering, from a flight into the upper regions of the sky. If they don't drop in to get warmed up in that fashion, they know they are in for a scolding by the head of the canteen, an Englishwoman possessed of all an American mother's motherly instincts and all of the English army's ideals of discipline.

There was one night that the little Red Cross canteen was put to a severe test. Eighteen American aviators arrived at the aviation camp after a thirty-hour trip punctuated by no saving hot meal. The manager-matron and her girl helpers, however, stayed up nearly all night, minding hot coffee and sandwiches so that the hardships of sleeping on the hard bare ground of the barracks was somewhat mitigated for the 1,800 unfortunates.

### A Repair Shop For Clothes.

In all the canteen disburse about 2,000 sandwiches a day, with mugs of coffee to match. In addition to that, they are in for a scolding by the head of the canteen, an Englishwoman possessed of all an American mother's motherly instincts and all of the English army's ideals of discipline. There was one night that the little Red Cross canteen was put to a severe test. Eighteen American aviators arrived at the aviation camp after a thirty-hour trip punctuated by no saving hot meal. The manager-matron and her girl helpers, however, stayed up nearly all night, minding hot coffee and sandwiches so that the hardships of sleeping on the hard bare ground of the barracks was somewhat mitigated for the 1,800 unfortunates.

The young women who constitute the Red Cross working staff at this particular base, are for the most part, Americans. Voluntarily they have given up lives of luxury to tackle the job, and a hard job it is. They live in small barracks of their own, as do the "Tommy-waacs" (Women's Army Auxiliary Corps) of the British army; but they are "roughing it" gladly to help Uncle Sam win his war.

## OUR SANCTUM

It's an office, all right, for it has a typewriter in it. No, not the feminine person who usually decorates offices; simply the typewriting machine. It has a calendar too, as all well-regulated offices should have. The thing is, however, well-regulated office has which it lacks are the red-and-white signs "Do It Now" and the far more cheerful wall motto, "Out to Lunch."

It has lamps, to be sure, not electric lights, as is the custom among offices in the States. It has maps on the walls, but they differ a great deal from the ones which used to hang above the Boss's desk back home, and at which we used to stare blankly while waiting for him to look up with his papers and say, "Well, whazzamatternow?" These maps have red circles marking zones of distribution, no blue lines marking salesmen's routes and delimiting their territories. True, they have lines on them, and a few stars on them, but they stand for far different things.

### Furnishings are Simple.

The office has a few rickety chairs, and one less rickety than the others which is reserved for the Big Works, as he is affectionately called, on the occasion of his few but none the less disquieting visits. It is a rickety table or two, usually only one, for firewood is scarce in France. It has a stove, which, from its battered appearance, must have been used as a street barricade during the Reign of Terror in the days of the First Revolution. Said stove requires the concentrated efforts of one lanky Yank, speaking three languages—French, United States, and profane—all the long day to keep it going. Even then the man sitting nearest the window is always out of luck.

The walls are unkempt in appearance, as if a plaster had shivered involuntarily for many a weary day before the coming of "les Americains" and their insistence upon the installation of the stove. The paper is seamed and smeared until it resembles a bird's-eye view of the battlefield of the Marne. The ceiling is as smudged as the face of a naughty little boy caught in the midst of a raid on the jam in the pantry, due no doubt, to the aforesaid stove and to the over-exuberant rising-and-shining of

the kerosene lamps. Some people ascribe the state of the ceiling to the grade of tobacco which the Boss smokes; but the Boss always thunders back, "Well, what the devil can a map do in a country where even cornsilk would be a blessing?" And, as what the Boss says goes, that ends it.

There is one rug on the floor, a dilapidated affair that might well be the flayed hide of a sea-bitten mule. There is a mantelpiece, stretching across what used to be a fireplace in the days of the First Napoleon, but which is a fireplace no more. On top of the mantelpiece is a lot of dry reading—wicked-looking little books full of fascinating facts about the life and times of a man with a minimum of effort and ammunition. On the floor, no matter how carefully the office occupants scrape their hobnails before entering, there is always a thin coating of mud.

The office telephone is on the wall, instead of on the Boss's desk, as it ought to be. It is a telephone of the rubber boot type, and it has the same old Ford-crank attachment on the side that is common to phones in the rural free delivery districts of the United States of America.

### Why Hats Are Worn.

Instead of being lined with bright young men in knobby business suits and white stiff collars, the office is lined with far brighter young men in much more austere khaki. They keep their hats on all day long, for they know not when they may have to dash out again into the cold and the wind and the rain. They keep their coats on for the same reason; there are no shirt-sleeves and cuff protectors in this office, for the simple reason that there are no cuffs to "not military."

There is no office clock for the laggard to watch. Instead, there are bugle calls, sounded from without. Or, again, the hungry man puts the forearm bearing his wrist watch in front of his face, as if to ward off a blow, when he wants to know the time. Save for the clanking of purses and the clanking of rubber boots, it is a pretty quiet office, singularly so, in fact, considering the work that is done in it.

Take it all in all, it's a strange kind of an office, isn't it? Well, it ought to be, considering it's in a strange land. It's an army newspaper office, that's what it is—an American sanctum in the heart of France.

### TACTICS GET GOAT ACROSS.

Requirements include Perfume, a Sack, a Kit Bag and Cheers.

From the C.O. down to "Fuzzy," who would have rather taken court martial than one wanted to leave "Jazz" behind. So there was no end of indignation when the order came at a certain American port that no animals (unless useful) could go to France with the squadron.

"Jazz," being only a tender-hearted billy goat, could not claim exemption from remaining in the U.S.A., for, as everybody agreed, he was no earthly use. Just a poor, ragged goat. But "Jazz" did go aboard the transport, later an English railway train, next another ship and finally a French train until he arrived with the squadron at America's biggest air post in France. There I saw him the other day appreciatively licking devoted "Fuzzies" hand.

It is not difficult to guess that "Jazz" is the mascot of "X" squadron, and he pilots and mechanics alike as tallman for good at some training camp back home. This office he has performed with exceptional skill from the day "Fuzzy" permitted him to "butt in" at the mechanics' mess.

"Fuzzy" and some of his pals slipped the goat into a sack and laid him down among the cold storage meat when the time came to help load the ship, taking care that the sack of live goat did not get into the refrigerator. When the ship was well out to sea, the sack was opened and "Jazz" crawled out blinking.

Even then "Fuzzy" was cautious. For the first days, he did not permit the animal to presume indiscreetly, but subjected him to repeated scrubbing, following by perfume, toilet water and talcum powder. So when "Jazz" was really discovered, he smelt, but more like a barber shop than a goat. The ship's officers appreciated the joke and so did everyone else aboard. "Jazz" became a favorite on deck. Repeatedly shampooed and perfumed, wearing a life-preserver, he moved about like a good sailor. But there was less joyful days ahead of him.

He did not exactly set foot on English soil as did his friends. He went ashore at an unmentionable port in a bit bag. In this bag, with the other bags, surrounded by a screen of men, "Jazz" was uncomfortable and said so in his goat way, but before he had uttered a full syllable his friends set up a cheer which drowned his voice.

This happened again and again. The first time, British transport officers at the port politely disregarded the Americans' demonstrations, but after the third time one of them exclaimed:

"Extraordinary, these Americans. Wonderful spirit."

And a little later when the men burst into an excessively loud hurrah to a philistine the voice of "Jazz" an elderly British colonel came over to them and inquired of a young American officer:

"Splendid limes your chaps have! But, really, what are they cheering for now?"

"Oh," returned the American, who very well knew why. "They're like that. Always cheering about something. Shall I stop it?"

"No, indeed! I think it's splendid." So that adventure passed over nicely and "Jazz" went on in a "goats van" with the kit bags to another British sea port. After that there wasn't any further trouble.

### WHERE LANGUAGE FAILS.

Remember along about examination time how you used to thing Hades would be a good place for the professor?

Two Williams College graduates had the pleasure of meeting their old French teacher in the near east, earthly approach to the inferno—the trenches.

Officers now, the ex-students nearly reached the battalion commander's post in a certain sector after a two-mile trudge from the rear through mud and ice water up to their hips.

A French interpreter met them at the door of the post.

"Yes, the major is in," he said, "but he won't see you till you shake hands with me."

Both officers thought they were face to face with a nut. Then, as they recognized their former teacher, two hands shook and grasped both of his.

"Well, I'll be darned—you haven't changed a bit!" was all the French they could remember.

## HIS IS NOT A HAPPY LOT SAYS ARMY POSTAL CLERK

Works Eighteen Hours a Day and Has To Be Both a Directory of the A. E. F. and a Sherlock Holmes.

"Private Wolfe Tone Moriarty, Fighting Umph, France."

The Army Postal Service clerk surveyed the battered envelope on the desk before him, pushed his worn Stetson back from a forehead the wrinkles in which resembled a much fought-over trench system, adjusted his glasses to his weary eyes, spat, and remarked:

"Easy! The 'Fighting Umph' was changed over into the Steenhundred and Umph-umph, wasn't it? The last that was heard from them they were at Blankville-sur-Bum. Now they've moved to Bingville-le-somethingorother. Clerk! Show this in Box 4-11-44!"

"Lieutenant Brown, care American Army, somewhere in France."

Again the Postal Service man, once overed the envelope, purplish in hue, went through the motions of pushing back his hat, expectorated, and began:

### Purple Paper a Clue.

"That's Lieutenant James Brown, I reckon. There's a lot of that name in the Medical Department, but hell! He's married. Nobody writes to him on purple paper. Then there's another one in the O. T. Thousand, Nine-Hundred and Seventeenth Motor-Ammunition-Battalion. Revictunall-Woodchopping Battalion. His'n allus writes to him on that kind of paper. I guess that's him, all right. Hey, feller, shove this in 88963543, will ya? Thanks!"

From the rear of a line of scragging, frantic mail orderlies, each one trying to corner all the packages marked "Tobacco" and "Chocolate" for his particular outfit, the reporter, by standing on a box marked "Fragile—This Side Up," was able to see the scene depicted above, and to hear, above the din, the Postal Clerk's momentary decisions.

Nothing like that had ever come into his ken before. He had seen Col. Roose-

vell at work in his office, talking into two telephones, dictating to four stenographers, and writing a letter with each hand simultaneously. He had watched the President of the United States dispose of four Senators, eight Representatives, three Governors of States, seven Indian tribal chiefs and the German ambassador in exactly seven and a half minutes by the clock. But never, in all his experience, had he witnessed such concentration, such rapidity of execution, as that which the lean, worn man at the big desk performed. It was better than watching a machine gun in action, with all stops out.

Morning his way up to the desk, the reporter started on his set speech. "Mr. Army Post Office Superintendent, will you consent to be interviewed for—" when he was summarily stopped by the wave of an ample hand and the booming of the P.S.'s voice.

"Want me to talk, do you, eh? Want to know what I do with my spare time? All right, son; just jump over that gang of pouch-robbars and come on inside. Here you—" this to the still combatant orderlies, at the same time throwing an armful of mail and papers at them—"here's all the stuff for your outfits today. Divvy up among yourselves, and then breeze!—beat it—allez!"

"Now, then, you want to know what I do with my spare time? Well, I work eighteen hours a day in the office, and the other six I spend worrying whether or not I gipped some poor Buddy when I cashed his American money order in French paper currency. Like the saloons in Hoboken, we never close."

### Really Busy at Christmas.

"That's just about the way it was, no kidding, during the Christmas rush. In about a month enough tobacco, chocolate, chewing gum, knit socks, mufflers, fruit cake, safety razors, lump sugar—to judge from the contents lists on the outside of the bundles—came through this office to

stock the whole of France for the next year and a half. Now, though"—tossing a long, yellow envelope across the room into a numbered pigeonhole—"things have slackened up a bit. A week ago I had half an hour off to shave."

"Do the people back home cause you much bother by not addressing their letters correctly?" asked the reporter.

"N—no," replied the P.S. meditatively, "although I did get one the other day addressed to Private Ethan Allan of the 'American Revolutionary Force.' At first I was going to send it back to Vermont, after changing the private to Colonel, and have the D.A.R. see that it got somewhere near old Ethel's final resting place; but on second thought I guessed she—she's generally a she—meant the American Expeditionary Forces. So I went down about three or four regimental rosters, and finally I found the guy. Now he's probably wondering why he didn't get that letter in a month, instead of a month and a half, and cussing me out for the delay."

"The most trouble comes, though, from these birds what don't stay put. They come over here all right with one unit, and then they get transferred to some other. Then the unit is moved around, and the folks back in the States, not knowing about it, continue to send stuff to the old address. But generally we get 'em located in time."

### A Rush After Pay Day.

"How about the mail from this side?" the reporter queried. "Do you think that the franking privilege causes the men to write more letters than they ordinarily would? Does sending their letters free pile things up for you?"

"I don't think so," the mail magnate responded, "because the lads are being kept so all-fired busy these days they don't honestly have time to write much. On the bundle proposition, though, we have an awful rush of stuff just after pay day, when it seems as if every man was bent on buying up all the lace handkerchiefs in the country to send to his girl."

"Oh, take it all in all, it's a great life if you don't weaken," the P.S. concluded. "I've been in the Government post office service for sixteen years, now, and I never had so much fun before. I do wish, though, that the boys would get stouter envelopes for their letters, because the ones they get from the Y.M.—and ninety-eight per cent. of the letters that go out from here are written on Y.M. stationery—are too flimsy to stand much manhandling, and when they get wet they're pretty much out of luck."

Good-bye; drop in again some day when we're really busy!"

## For the most Cable and Mail News from the United States